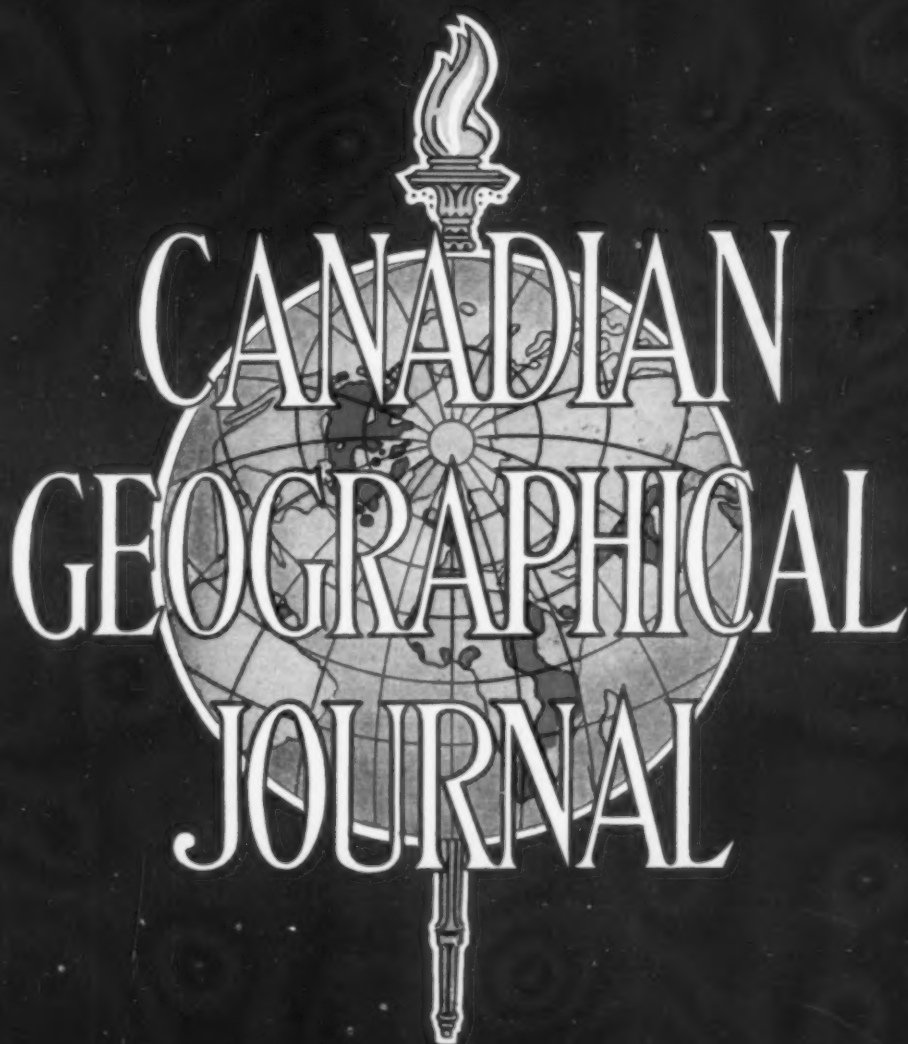


MAY, 1934

VOL. VIII., No. 5



CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

In This Issue

MARGARET HALL DISCOVERS UPPER CANADA

By Blanche Davies

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE IN CARTIER'S WAKE

By Blanche McLeod Lewis

IN THE BALKANS

By C. C. Rogers

INDIAN VIKINGS OF THE NORTH WEST COAST

By Diamond Jenness

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Canadian Geographical Journal

Published monthly by

THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

EDITOR

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

Ottawa, Canada

PUBLISHER

GEORGE A. MACKIE

Fifth Floor - Sun Life Building - Montreal



May, 1934

Entered as second-class matter at the
Post Office, Montreal, Canada

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	FOLIO
Margaret Hall Discovers Upper Canada - - -	BLODWEN DAVIES 201
Along the North Shore in Cartier's Wake -	BLANCHE MCLEOD LEWIS 209
In the Balkans - - - - -	C. C. ROGERS 223
Indian Vikings of the North West Coast - -	DIAMOND JENNESS 235

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Membership fee is \$3.00 per year in Canada and other parts of the British Empire, which includes delivery of the Journal, postpaid; in United States and Mexico, \$3.50; in other countries \$4.00. Make membership fee payable at par in Montreal.



On the road between Kingston and York, from a water colour by Lt.-Col. Jas. Cockburn (about 1830), the property of Dr. A. G. Doughty.



The town of York, afterwards Toronto, from Gibraltar Point, about the year 1825. From an aquatint by J. Gleadah, in the Public Archives of Canada, after a drawing by J. Gray.

Margaret Hall Discovers Upper Canada

By BLODWEN DAVIES

Margaret Hall is seated in a wagon, on a pioneer road in the midst of the forest, on the north side of Lake Ontario. The exact time is 7 o'clock in the evening of the 17th of July, 1827, and she is writing a letter to her sister in Scotland.

"My dearest Jane" she writes. "At length we have met with an adventure, having ten minutes ago broken down owing to the axle tree giving way and whilst the driver is gone in search of some other conveyance to carry us on, here I sit in the carriage that proved not trustworthy. Should the driver not return speedily I expect that we shall be benighted in the Forest, for besides the sun setting so much earlier here than at home, there is no twilight to lengthen the day. However, I believe we should neither fear wolves nor bears, and unluckily for the romance tho' much for the comfort of our situation, there is a log hut on the left where we could get shelter for the night, and that not uncomfortably as Sir Peregrine Maitland had lent us his travelling bed which we made use of last night and had a good sleep in consequence. It goes into so small a compass, too, that it is easily conveyed and with it we set the bugs at defiance."

When Margaret Hall began this letter she was on a tour of Upper Canada with her husband, Captain Basil Hall. She was merely the author's wife and so while her husband's observations in North America were published in a three volume work in 1829, her letters did not come to light until a few years ago. From hand to hand they passed in her family until they came into the possession of Margaret, Lady Parsons, wife of the last British military commander in Canada. Lady Parsons used to read her grandmother's letters in the light of her own knowledge of Canada, and at length she revealed their wealth of gossip to Dame Una Pope Hennessey who published all the American letters in a delightful volume called *The Aristocratic Journey*. The Canadian letters were omitted, but were discovered in the possession of the Library of Congress where they had been deposited. They are now transcribed for the first time.

Margaret Hall's Canadian letters constitute the fifth important contribution made to the social history of the first

fifty years of Upper Canadian history by a woman, the others being by Elizabeth Simcoe, Susanna Moodie, Catherine Parr Traill and Anna Brownell Jameson.

Margaret and her sister Jane were the vivacious daughters of Sir John Hunter and accompanied their father as 'teen age girls to Madrid where he was British Consul General during the Napoleonic period. Madrid was a glamorous place for the sprightly girls and it coloured all of Margaret Hall's life. On her return to Edinburgh she introduced "the art of valseing" to Scottish society. Basil Hall was a naval officer and a writer of repute. He was one of few men allowed an interview with Napoleon at St. Helena and that was on the strength of the fact that Napoleon had been a fellow student of Sir James Hall, his father, and the Corsican had never forgotten this first Britisher he had ever seen, and had apparently followed the scientific work of Sir James. Basil Hall's mother was Lady Helen Douglas, sister of the Earl of Selkirk of Red River fame. The Hall Baronetcy belonged to the romantic Nova Scotian adventure of the time of James the First.

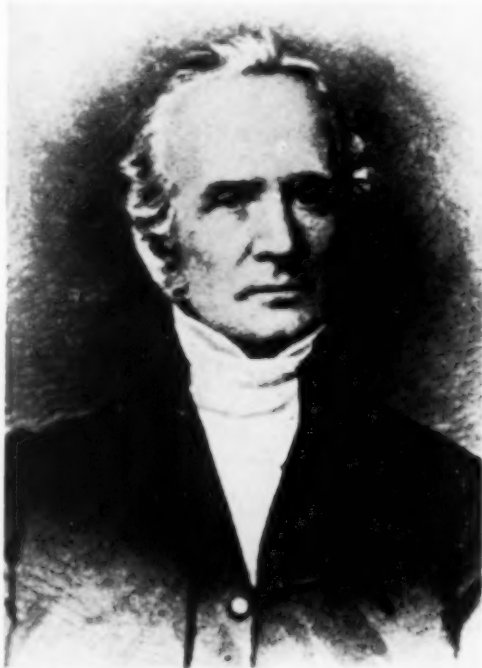
The Halls came to America armed with countless introductions. In Canada they were passed from hand to hand among the governing clique which was later to earn the name of the Family Compact. Their travels were guided and directed by its chief exponents. John Beverley Robinson was anxious that they should see something of the

new settlement at Peterborough established by his brother, Peter Robinson, and it was owing to that and to various other suggestions that he made, that their journey through Upper Canada has become important to the student of pioneer history.

Shortly after their arrival at Niagara Falls they visited St. Catharines where they met the directors of the new canal including William Hamilton Merritt, visited the harbour at Port Dalhousie, drove up to the deep cut and then walked the length of it. Their next undertaking was to present their letters of introduction to the Maitlands then living at The Cottage at Stamford Park which Sir Peregrine had made into a charming place much like an English estate. They found in Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah Mait-

land very cordial friends and little Eliza Hall, then about a year and a half old, and her Scottish nurse Mrs. Cownie, were invited to stay at the Cottage while Basil and Margaret Hall toured the interior. Margaret Hall remarked that Lady Sarah's bad health "had diminished her beauty sadly" and that Sir Peregrine did not look like a man who had achieved a romantic elopement.

The Halls came at a time when the tide of emigration was setting in and they were anxious to know what was being done about it. They wanted to see Upper Canada "not as all the Cocknies do it." Instead of making the usual trip by boat from Niagara to York and thence to Kingston, they set off by the road around the lake.



Sir John Beverley Robinson, one of the leading members of the famous Family Compact in Upper Canada, became Chief Justice in 1821. From a photograph in Notman's Portraits of British Americans.

"We left the Governor's Cottage at six o'clock, having first breakfasted. Our first stage was to St. Catharines. There we got another wagon to carry us eighteen miles to Forty Mile Creek . . . You must know that on the English side of Lake Ontario there are a set of little streams running into the lake and which are here called creeks . . . The distance of each is reckoned from Niagara but never measured so that although you are told of the twenty or thirty mile creek, you are not to understand that such is the distance from Niagara. For instance from the twenty to the forty is not ten miles."

Right: — "Stamford", the Upper Canada home of Sir Peregrine Maitland. From a water-colour in the Public Archives of Canada.

Below: — Lady Sarah Maitland, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada. From a water-colour in Cross House, Northam, Devon.



Above: — Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada from 1818 to 1828. Afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia. From a water-colour in Cross House, Northam, Devon.

They had letters to Abraham Nelles at the Forty, now Grimsby.

"We left Mr. Nelles' house at half past four and had a stage of seventeen miles to Hamilton where we slept."

Next morning they climbed Burlington Heights, heard something of the War of 1812, and then visited the canal then in process of construction through the sand spit that cut off Burlington Bay from the lake. Later they called on Captain Brant at Joseph Brant's old home on Wellington Square.

They left Hamilton next morning at six and got to Smith's Inn before eight, for breakfast.



"We travelled hither in a wagon with a pair of horses. There is no cover to them and so most fortunately for us the weather has been uncommonly cool for the season. . . . The most inconvenient circumstance connected with these waggons is the want of steps by which to get in and out. You are forced to clamber up and over the side the best way you can and it is matter of the most sincere thanksgiving each time when you find you have accomplished the ingress and egress without broken limbs."

At the Credit the Halls turned aside to visit the village of the Mississaugas.

"We found our way through the forest and across the ford up to the top of a steep hill where stands the establishment of twenty new log houses and a school house. The log houses in Canada are much nicer than those in the States. Instead of being constructed of round logs which have a very rude appearance, the logs are cut square. They have good windows, too, and are higher than the same sort of buildings in the States. We stopped at the school house in which we found assembled about twenty children."



Peter Jones, Missionary to the Chipewya Indians. From the painting by Matilda Jones, engraved by T. A. Dean, in the Public Archives of Canada.

This was the village in which Peter Jones was working as a missionary and his brother as a teacher. They were the sons of Augustus Jones, a Welshman, and one of the first surveyors in Upper Canada. Augustus Jones married a Mohawk and built a home at the opposite end of Burlington Bay to that selected by Joseph Brant.

"We were told that there was a road which would take us from the village to York without returning whence we came and with the additional recommendation of running part of the way close along the Lake. We did find a road, sure enough, but such a road nothing but a strong wagon like that we were in could have come over. For some miles it was through the forest and bad enough but when we came into the more open country and touching occasionally upon lake it was worse than ever. Frequently for a quarter of a mile together over logs without any earth whatever over them with an occasional gap between the logs big enough for a horse to break its legs in. They never do, however . . . We had twenty miles of this before we reached York which, although the capital of the Province, is no more than a sort of hamlet, covering a good deal of ground for each house has some garden ground attached to it."

York she passed over with scarcely a comment, so little did she see there to interest her. Although a capital for thirty years it had small favour in the eyes of anyone and Maitland was endeavouring to have the capital moved to a site on the shores of Lake Simcoe. Almost immediately the Halls set off up Yonge street towards Holland Landing when they heard that the Indians were assembling there for the distribution of Treaty gifts. The route to Lake Simcoe was lovely in that month of July.

"Most of the road we have come today is through Forest very beautiful indeed. I never saw anything more lovely than the foliage of these forests, so fresh and luxuriant and so great a variety of shades of green."

On their return they left Newmarket in the late afternoon and spent the

night on the way at an Inn somewhere near Thornhill. They left there at half past five in the morning in order to get to York for breakfast. Once more in the capital they found it difficult to get a wagon to carry them further on their journey as most of the vehicles in town had gone to Holland Landing. At last, with the help of Receiver General Dunn, Solicitor General Boulton, Colonel Coffin and Captain Fitzgibbon of Beaver Dams fame, they got a wagon and set off at three o'clock along the Kingston Road.

"We set off to travel twenty-seven miles of road, the greater part of which surpasses anything we had previously met with for badness. The scenery, however, was beautiful, magnificent. Forests and occasional open country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale. One little Valley was particularly lovely. It is that through which the Rouge River runs and here the picturesque was rendered still more so by the bridge having been washed away some time ago so that we had to be paddled over in a canoe, our horses had to swim and our wagon had to float and as there were several passengers and their horses before us, we had to wait till they were ferried across before our turn came. It was dark for more than an hour before we arrived, nevertheless we continued to flounder through the holes and rattle over the corduroy logs without breaking down or being thrown out, though to guard against the last mentioned catastrophe I had to hold very hard by Basil and the carriage.

* * *

Bates' Inn,
30 Miles East of Post's
Upper Canada,
22nd July, 1827.

"We are alive and with all our bones unbroken, which, if you could form anything approaching the idea of the road we have travelled would strike you as sufficiently worthy of note, but these roads must be seen to be appreciated . . . We have travelled thirty-one miles today and have been eight and three quarters hours performing that distance, including an hour and a half we stopped to breakfast."

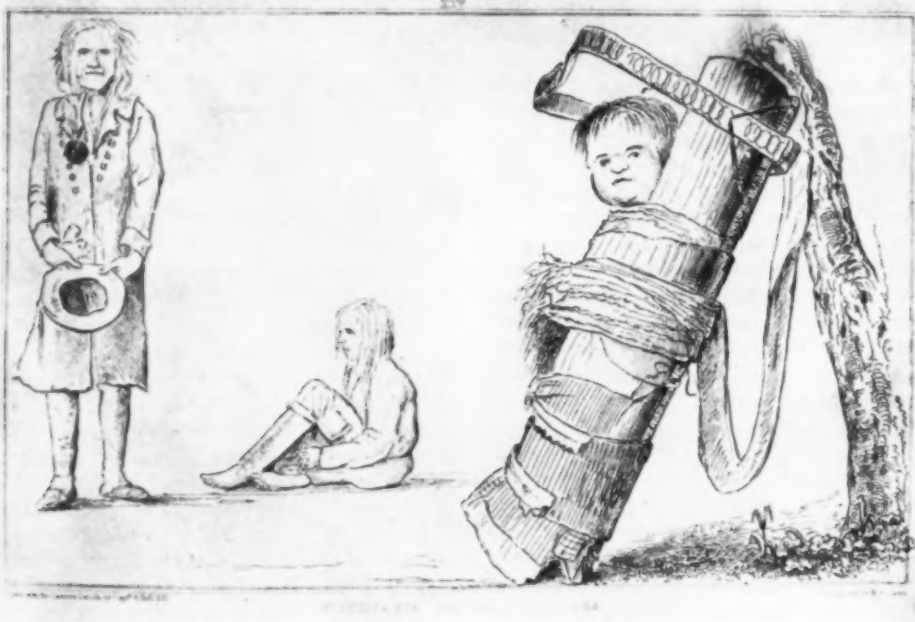


William Hamilton Merritt, took part in the War of 1812, but is principally remembered as the promoter of the first Welland Canal, opened in 1830. From an engraving in the Public Archives of Canada.

John Beverley Robinson had provided the Halls with several letters of introduction while they were at the Falls and it was with his brother, William Robinson, they had made their stay at Newmarket. Now they approached Peterboro to investigate the experiment in colonization carried out by the third brother, Peter Robinson, who had headed the migration of the colonists from Ireland to the Otonabee country. Peter Robinson was just about that time appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands, an office instituted to supervise the distribution of newly surveyed townships under the reorganized settlement policies then being put into operation. Eviction of tenants in Scotland, famine in Ireland, machinery and the post war depression in England had thrown hundreds of thousands of people adrift in search of food and shelter, and tides of indigent settlers were just beginning to flow towards Canada. Peterborough was the first purely civilian settlement and Peter Robinson had



CANADIAN VOYAGEURS OF CAPT. FRANKLIN'S CANOE.



Upper sketch:—Canadian Voyageurs of Captain (afterwards Sir John) Franklin's Canoe. From the sketch by Captain Basil Hall. When the Halls met the great explorer he was on his way back from the Arctic, on his second expedition of 1825-27.

Lower sketch:—Mississauga Indians of Upper Canada. From the sketch by Captain Basil Hall, in his Forty Etchings from Sketches made in North America in 1827 and 1828.



The town of Kingston, Upper Canada, in 1829. From a water-colour sketch by J. Cockburn in the Public Archives of Canada.

succeeded admirably in his efforts to plant them comfortably in the newly opened country north of Rice Lake.

At Cobourg the Halls were the guests of George Boulton, brother of the Solicitor-General.

"We drove at once to his house and of course took up our abode there. Indeed they had no choice if they had wished it for the open letter that we brought set forth that we were desired to do so . . . Our first enquiry was how to get up to Peterboro' which turned out to be much further off than we had imagined and the greater part of the way up a river. The distance, they said, was never gone in one day but they thought by setting off at four o'clock in the morning we might get there by night. You will observe that the whole of this journey, that is to say for seven successive days, we have been getting up between four and five o'clock, besides undergoing an immense deal of fatigue each day, but I must say it agrees admirably with us both. I am sure I never was so well in my life as I am now."

At four the next morning they were ready to leave and Margaret Hall had some fright at Mr. Boulton's horse which would never start in the direction in which it was supposed to travel. He was each time forced to head the animal

in the opposite direction, get it trotting at full speed and then make a turn in the direction of his journey. She was not quite so much at ease in his gig as she had been in the country wagons but at last they reached Rice Lake.

"It is about twenty-six miles long, quite a tiny lake in this country."

They crossed in a small boat and rowed twenty-one miles on the Otonabee.

"It is a beautiful river, wooded down to the water's edge on both sides and the trees more picturesque in form than are generally to be seen in this country. There appears to be nothing but wilderness the whole way up, all the settled country being back from the river and that immediately on the banks belongs to Absentees."

Bad roads and the waste lands of absentee landlord might have taught the Halls much but they had all their views of Upper Canada from members of the governing clique and Margaret Hall consistently failed to see things from the point of view of the hard-working settlers and blamed them mercilessly for the lack of beauty about their homes, their disregard of views from their windows and their indifference to the beautification of their surroundings.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when they reached Peterborough. They



Peterborough, Ontario, as it was at the time of Mrs. Hall's visit. From the sketch by Captain Basil Hall, in his Forty Etchings from Sketches made in North America in 1827 and 1828.

had letters of introduction from Miss Edgeworth, the novelist, to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, the first settlers in the district. Frances Stewart's letters were published in *Our Forest Home* and in them she refers to the visit of the Halls. The Stewarts were military settlers fighting pluckily to establish themselves.

"I have returned from Mr. Stewart's this evening if possible less in love than ever with a life in the woods and it really has made me quite melancholy to see two such agreeable persons, so well fitted for good society, immured in the wilds and amongst the stumps of a new clearing."

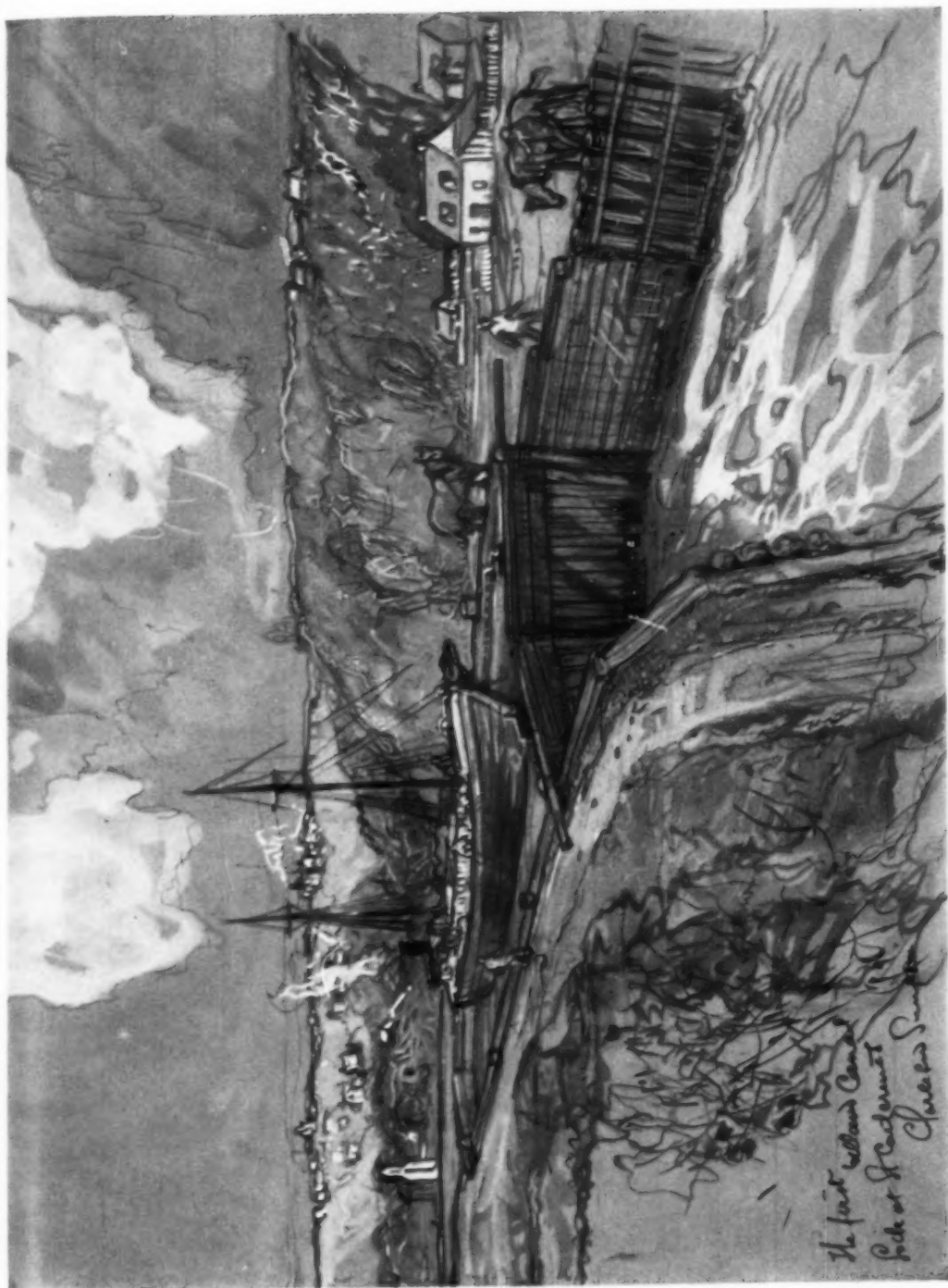
She described their home and habits and laments for them.

"I think the case is very different" she goes on, "in regard to the lower orders. They have been accustomed to labour from their youth upwards and with tolerable industry a man is sure to become independent, supposing they come out without a farthing of capital."

The return from Peterborough was more easily made, down stream with the Otonabee and except for their conveyance breaking down two or three times between Rice Lake and Cobourg, they returned comfortably enough. From Cobourg to the Carrying Place, where they took boat for Kingston, was

a fairly good road and a stage coach. Later on they continued their journey in a bateau from Kingston to Lachine where they fell in with Sir John Franklin, just returned from the Arctic.

Margaret Hall's letters throw additional light on the writing of her husband in *Travels in North America* because she frankly names people and places to which he refers more guardedly. It was a curious journey for such a woman of fashion. She was steeped in the social prejudices of her day and the cleavage between "good society" and the "lower orders" was very plainly marked in her philosophy of life. Nevertheless she had pluck and good spirits and a keen delight in every experience. Basil and Margaret Hall were devoted to each other and the best of companions in a long life time of travel, for their American journey was only a prelude to years spent on the continent in a huge travelling coach into which they packed children and servants and wandered like aristocratic gypsies from the Mediterranean to remote German principalities and back and forth across restless Europe of a century ago. Of all their travels and adventures, however, it is their journey to pioneer America that has given Margaret Hall a niche in history as an observer of royalist and republican sentiment.



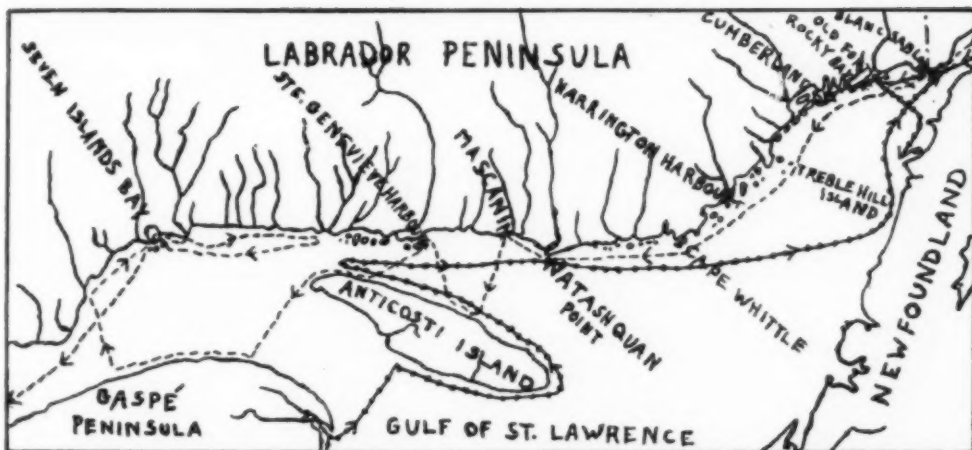
First Welland Canal — Lock at St. Catharines

From a painting by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A.



Cartier taking possession of New France, Gaspé, 1534

From a painting by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A.



Sketch Map of the northern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence showing Cartier's routes and the location of some of the principal places visited by him. His route along the west coast of Newfoundland and in the southern part of the gulf in 1534 is not shown. The solid line indicates his movements in 1534 and the dotted line his route in 1535.

Along the North Shore in Cartier's Wake

By BLANCHE McLEOD LEWIS

Photographs, except where otherwise noted, are by courtesy of the National Parks of Canada.

JACQUES CARTIER, on his voyages to America in 1534 and 1535, visited the rugged north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence before exploring other parts of what is now Canada. In the 400 years that have followed, there has been comparatively little change in general conditions on that sub-arctic coast. It may now be visited, it is true, by modern steamers, and be explored in detail by motorboats, but on the land itself and among the thousands of islands that border it primeval conditions still are usual. Here are no railways, highways, newspapers, motion picture theatres, or jails. Here are uninhabited harbours, untrammelled rivers, unexplored lakes, and small communities innocent of both horses and motorcars. When following Cartier's track along this coast, we shall see vast areas that appear as untouched by man as when they were first revealed, four centuries ago, to the gaze of the intrepid Malouin.

We shall find the easternmost border of Canada near the western end of the Strait of Belle Isle, where a point of red sandstone forms the eastern side of Blanc Sablon Bay. The fishing village

of Blanc Sablon nestles beside the hills a mile or two west of the boundary point.

It was on June 9th or 10th, 1534, that Cartier, seeking a navigable passage to Cathay, first passed or visited Blanc Sablon, which he referred to by the name which it still bears and which doubtless was bestowed because of the white, sandy shores of the bay. Modern Newfoundland fishermen sometimes corrupt it to "Nancy Belong," a name that they consider more intelligible!

"To the south-south-west of this bight," says Cartier, "there are two islands, one of which is called Wood Island and the other Bird Island, where there are a great number of tinkers and of puffins, which have the beak and the feet red, and nest in holes under the earth like rabbits."

Wood Island, or Ile au Bois, is still known by that name. As seen from Blanc Sablon Bay, it appears bare of trees, but a visit to its southern or outer slope reveals what is probably the true origin of the name, for there a large area is covered with stunted spruce and fir trees, two to four feet high, yet clearly of great age. Kept in a stunted condition by the cold winds that sweep



Blanc Sablon, the easternmost village in Canada. Part of Ile au Bois at the left, Greenly Island in the distance near the centre of the photograph, and Lazy Point, the high point at the right.

this region, particularly in winter, these trees are unable to grow higher, though they may live for centuries and may develop large root systems.

The island which Cartier called Bird Island lies about a mile west of Ile au Bois and is now known as Greenly Island. On its eastern side is a picturesque old fishing station and near its southern tip is a shapely white lighthouse. A monument on the island commemorates the landing there, in April, 1928, of the monoplane "Bremen," after the first successful east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic by aeroplane.

There is, however, no monument to indicate that probably here Jacques Cartier first set foot on what is now the soil of Canada. He does not, it is true, directly state that he landed, and it is certain that he did not tarry long, but his detailed knowledge of the birds of the island and of the fact that puffins nest in holes in the ground could hardly have been obtained by merely sailing past. Unless this information had been secured on some previous unrecorded voyage, it is a reasonable presumption that Cartier paused near Greenly Island

on this occasion and that he, or at least some of his company, landed there and visited the bird colonies. Thousands of puffins and tinkers, or razor-billed auks, still nest on this island, which forms a part of a Canadian Government bird sanctuary.

Bradore Bay, 7 miles north-west of Blanc Sablon, is mentioned by Cartier, with the significant comment that "much fishing is carried on there". This is one of the indications that Europeans were active in this region before the time of Cartier's visit. Fishing is still, after four centuries, the chief business of Bradore Bay. Its snug harbour is surrounded by the houses and small wharves of resident fishermen, and several Newfoundland fishing-schooners still visit it annually.

Brest Harbour, where Cartier arrived on June 10th, 1534,—the scene afterwards of many fantastic legends—was situated amongst numerous low islands fringing the shore and was already known to the French fishermen as a rendezvous. It was either the present Old Fort Bay or the neighbouring harbour of Bonne Esperance, either one of which provides



The harbour at Rocky Bay, called St. Servan's Harbour by Jacques Cartier.

accommodation sufficient for many large vessels. Bonne Esperance is now occupied by a modern fishing station, while Old Fort is a small community of white fishermen and trappers.

Leaving his ships at Brest, Cartier explored in long-boats for some 30 miles to the westward. "We passed," he says, "among the islands, which are so numerous that it is impossible to count them . . . We named the said islands All Isles. The next day, the 12th, we continued our way beyond these islands and at the end of the area where they are numerous we found a good harbour, which was named St. Anthony's Harbour."

St. Anthony's Harbour, situated at the western extremity of Old Fort Archipelago, is a sheltered anchorage between the low lying islands and the mainland shore. Now-a-days it is nameless and is seldom used as a stopping-place, but the mail-steamer and other craft pass through it.

A league or two beyond this harbour, Cartier came to "a small, very deep passage, with the land running south-west and with very high shores," which he considered even more noteworthy.

"It is," he says, "a good harbour; and a cross was set up there, and it was named St. Servan's Harbour. About a league to the south-west of this harbour and passage is an islet round like an oven, with several other smaller islets about it, which form a mark by which the said harbours may be recognized."

This description applies best to the harbour now known as Rocky Bay, a deep, narrow, fiord-like arm of the sea, with high, rocky shores. At present there are two houses at this place and a Newfoundland schooner annually finds harbour there for the fishing season. The "islet round like an oven" is evidently the "Bull," a conspicuous, high islet situated a short distance off-shore, almost exactly a league south-west of the entrance to Rocky Bay.

The cross that Cartier set up at St. Servan's Harbour, the present Rocky Bay, on June 12th, 1534, is the first cross recorded as having been erected by him in what is now Canada. The cross that he set up at Gaspé, of which much more has been said and written, was erected on July 24th, 1534, or a month and twelve days later. The cross



"An islet round like an oven, with several other smaller islets about it, which form a mark by which the said harbours may be recognized." The "Bull" Island, south-west of Rocky Bay, or St. Servan's Harbour.



"The land that God gave to Cain" as Cartier called it. A view of characteristic terrain near Cumberland Harbour.



An aerial photograph, looking south, of Rocky Bay, which Cartier called St. Servan's Harbour. The cross that he erected here probably stood on the height of the point that is shown to the left of the entrance of the bay and slightly to the right of the centre of the picture.

©Royal Canadian Air Force.



The eastern entrance point of Rocky Bay. The first cross erected in Canada by Jacques Cartier was probably placed on the summit at the left of the centre of this picture, where the present cairn of stones is visible as a projecting point against the sky. The entrance to the bay lies to the left, beyond the limits of this photograph.



Flower-pot rocks on Quarry Island, one of the limestone islands bordering the north shore opposite Anticosti.

at Rocky Bay, like others elsewhere, was presumably set up as a harbour-mark and was therefore on the most conspicuous point at the entrance. This is the eastern point of the bay, which is higher than the western point and projects more directly seaward. On the summit of the eastern point there is now a pile of stones, placed there by unknown mariners to serve similarly as a guide to the harbour, and it is reasonable to suppose that the same purpose would lead to a similar choice of position and that Cartier's first cross in Canada stood near where this mark of stones is placed.

Pressing on westward, Cartier discovered a larger opening in the rocky coast, where there were many salmon. It was so riverlike in appearance that he named it St. James's River. This may have been the present Shecatika Bay, which is so long and narrow that it

resembles a river, or it may have been the opening, a little farther west, between Cumberland and the mainland. Salmon still abound on this coast.

While Cartier was at St. James's River, he saw a ship in the offing and, on visiting it, discovered that it was a French vessel from La Rochelle, whose master had intended to fish at Brest, but had passed that place in the night and was uncertain of his position. Cartier guided the ship into another harbour, a league westward of St. James's River, which he esteemed one of the best in the world and was pleased to name "Jacques Cartier Harbour".

This was the present Cumberland Harbour, no longer known, unfortunately, by Cartier's name. It well deserves the praise that he gave it, for it is of moderate size, completely land-

locked, easy to enter, and with a depth of water suited to large ships. As a station for catching cod it is quite equal to Old Fort, the Brest of Cartier's day. Strange though it seems, this magnificent harbour is at present, 400 years after its discovery, uninhabited and unused, because there is here no heavy traffic to attract large ships, and the local inhabitants prefer, for the shelter of their boats, the numerous smaller harbours and coves of this broken coast.

Evidently Cartier concluded his westward boat journey at Cumberland Harbour and returned promptly to Brest, where he rejoined his ships after an absence of only two days. At this time he expressed his famous opinion of the country that he had seen, namely, that it "should not be called the New Land, but stones and horrible rugged rocks, for along the whole of the north shore I did not see one cart-load of

earth, although I landed in many places, except Blanc Sablon. There is nothing but moss and short stunted woods. In short, I am rather inclined to believe that this is the land God gave to Cain." He also recorded a short description of the Indians of the region, whom he found wild and savage folk, clad in furs and painted with tawny colours. They used birch-bark canoes and resided farther to the south-west, but visited this region to hunt seals.

To-day the character of the country between Cumberland Harbour and Blanc Sablon is much as it was when Cartier wrote his pithy description of it. It is a land of hard granitic rocks, which were scraped nearly bare of soil by the last great glaciation. Since the glaciers receded from it, it has risen four or five hundred feet, so that all of the rocky mass near the present shore has been at sea-level at some time during that interval and has for the most part been scoured and washed clean of its thin deposits of glacial drift by the waves and the annual ice of the gulf. What few trees grow on it are confined to sheltered valleys and, where near the sea, are very stunted.

Indians are seldom found now on this coast east of Cumberland Harbour, although several bands of Montagnais Indians inhabit the coast farther west.

Sailing from Brest with his ships, Cartier left the rocky north shore and explored the southern and western parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On his way home, in the following August, he again touched the north shore at Natashquan Point, which he called Cape Thiennot, after the Indian chief whose tribesmen there visited his ships.



Mount Cartier, as seen from the south. This conspicuous summit, near Bradore Bay, attains an elevation of 1264 feet, and is the highest peak in the vicinity.

In May, 1535, Cartier again sailed from France to resume his explorations and push farther westward than had been deemed prudent the year before. He was still looking for a passage to Cathay. Stormy weather delayed him on the Atlantic and he did not leave his rendezvous at Blanc Sablon until late in July.

At daybreak on July 29th he sailed westward from Blanc Sablon with three ships and, coasting the north shore, arrived by nightfall opposite two islands "which stretch farther out than the others," which he named "St. William's Islands." These islands, he says, were about 20 leagues beyond Brest, and it is evident that they were the small outer islands now known as Flat Island and Treble Hill Island. Near them Cartier spent the night.



A north shore fisherman in gala attire.



Codfish, beheaded, split, and salted are still spread on the bare rock to dry in the sun as for centuries past.



A forest of aged fir trees, three feet high, so firmly interlaced that one may walk over their tops. They make one feel like Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputians. A scene near Bradore Bay.



A "raised beach", now elevated far above the sea, runs like a smooth highway of cobbled limestone over a part of Quarry Island.

The next morning he resumed his voyage to the westward. From Treble Hill and Flat Islands he sailed $12\frac{1}{2}$ leagues to a group of islands that he named "St. Martha's Islands." These are known to-day as the Harrington Islands, and the dangerous shoal which Cartier says is situated seaward of them is the Black Reef. The Harrington Islands enclose an excellent harbour and are the site of the largest English-speaking community on the north shore, containing about 330 people. The principal Canadian station of the International Grenfell Mission, as well as missions of the Church of England in Canada and the United Church of Canada, are situated here. The people of Harrington Harbour, as the community is called, are sturdy, cheerful, and courteous. They depend chiefly on the cod-fishery for their living, but also trap fur-bearers in winter.

Leaving St. Martha's or Harrington Islands on the afternoon of July 30th, 1535, Cartier continued his westward course and reached at evening a position seaward of Cormorant Rocks, off the

present Cape Whittle. He called them St. Germain's Islands and near them he again lay to for the night.

The next day Cartier sailed westward past "a very dangerous coast, fringed all along with islands and shoals," to "the point where the islands end," where "there is a fine low land, covered with large and tall trees," and the "coast is fringed all along with sandy beaches, with no semblance of a harbour, as far as Cape Thiennot."

The islands end near the mouth of Kegashka River, where now resides a single family. From here to Natashquan, 20 miles to the westward, the coast is still as Cartier described it, low and unbroken, being formed of sand brought from the interior by the Natashquan River and piled up by the sea. On this sandy tract there is still a conspicuous growth of trees.

Cartier recognized Cape Thiennot, or Natashquan Point, which he had seen the previous year, and continued to sail west-north-west through the following night. On the morning of August 1st the wind, which had been favourable



A trading schooner at anchor in a sheltered "tickle," or narrow passage.

At right:—The Black Reef, a rock situated two miles seaward of the outer tip of the Harrington Islands, is referred to by Cartier as "a dangerous shoal".



At left:—South Maker's Ledge, a dangerous rock more than two miles seaward from Cormorant Rocks, or St. Germain's Islands, was mentioned by Cartier. This photograph shows a horsehead seal asleep on the eastern (left-hand) end of the rock.

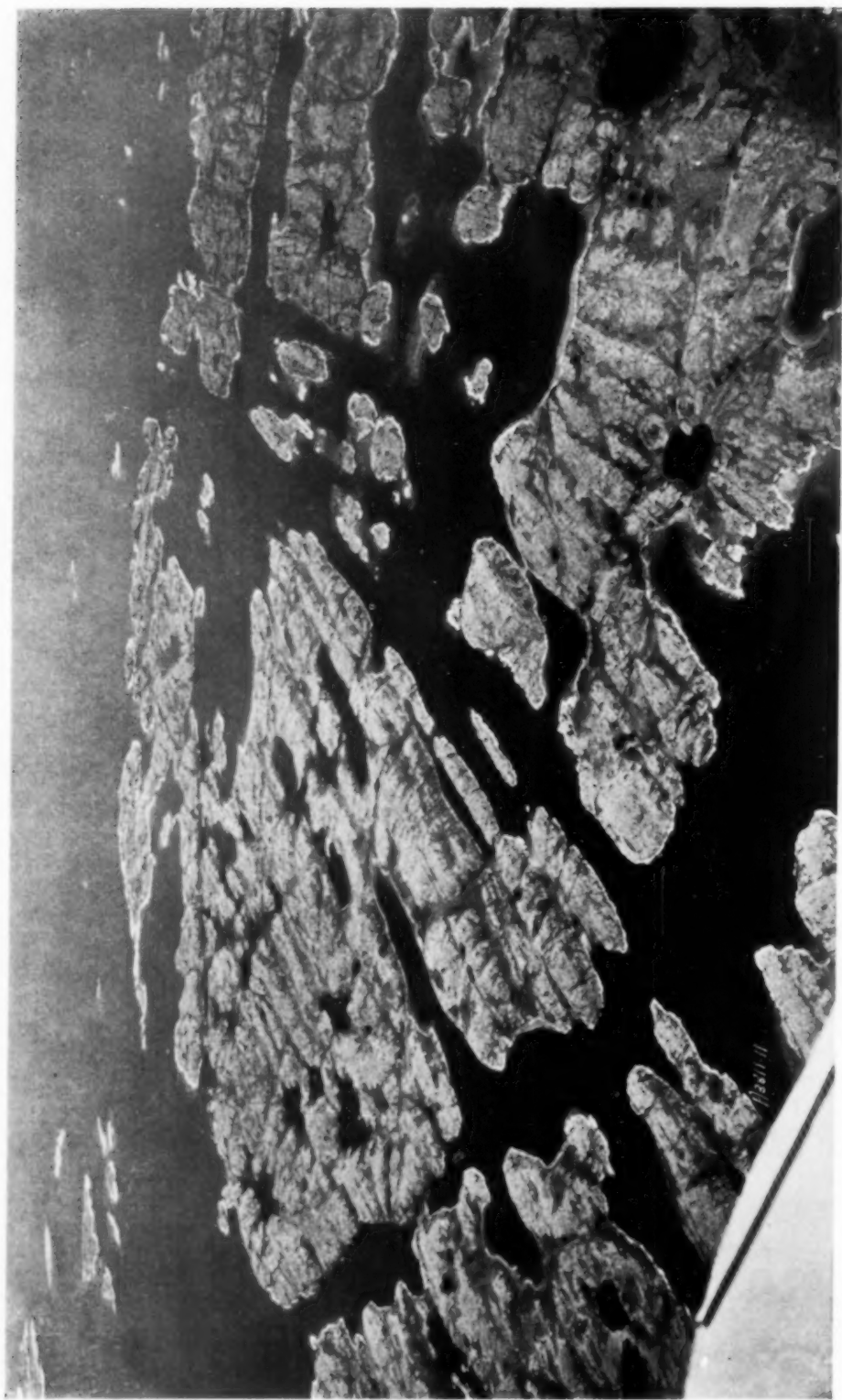
for three days, changed to an adverse quarter, inducing him to seek shelter. He was now on a part of the coast bordered with many small, rocky islands, but provided with few harbours suitable for a fleet of ships. However, in his necessity he chanced to enter one of the best havens for small ships in this vicinity. He described it as "a nice little harbour" and named it after St. Nicholas. It is a small bay now known as Mascanin or Mushkoniatawee, situated, as Cartier states, "among four islands," two on each side.

Here Cartier remained an entire week. During this time he examined the place carefully and erected another cross for the guidance of mariners. He recorded explicit directions for entering the bay, using this cross as a landmark, and these directions enable us both to identify the harbour and to pick out the place where the cross presumably stood.

On August 8th he left Mascanin and sailed southward to examine Anticosti. Finding no harbours there and encountering another head wind, he recrossed the strait the next day and came upon the north shore ten leagues west of Mascanin.

Here he found large, wooded, limestone islands, very different in appearance from the bare, granitic islands previously seen. Sailing amongst them, Cartier discovered, between them and the main shore, a sheltered bay that delighted him. He describes it as "a very fine large bay, full of islands and with good entrances and anchorage for any weather that might prevail. This bay may be recognized by a large island that extends out beyond the others like a point of the mainland, while on the mainland, about two leagues away, there is a mountain like a shock of wheat."

The bay in question has three parts, now known respectively as Ste. Genevieve Harbour, Betchewun Harbour, and Pillage Bay. Pillage Bay is shallow, but Ste. Genevieve and Betchewun Harbours are deep, with excellent shelter and holding-ground, and fully justify Cartier's enthusiasm. The island of which he speaks is Ste. Genevieve Island and the mountain on the mainland opposite is Mount Ste. Genevieve, the steep slopes of which rise 332 feet above the sea. The land about these harbours is more or less heavily wooded with a fairly tall growth of spruce, fir, tamarack,



An aerial view, looking south-east, over Cumberland Harbour and vicinity. This harbour, which Cartier considered one of the best in the world and which he named after himself, is the sheltered sheet of water shown just above the middle of the picture and extending on both sides of the centre line but chiefly to the right of it. The intricate channels shown in the foreground were apparently not explored by Cartier. Such channels are characteristic of much of this coast. It would be an appropriate idea, on this 400th anniversary of the first voyage, to restore the original name of Jacques Cartier to the harbour.

©Royal Canadian Air Force.



The surf breaks ceaselessly against rock-bound Labrador.

and birch, which gives an impression of shelter and fertility, in marked contrast with the bareness of the land farther east.

Cartier and his company remained in this attractive place from August 9th to 13th and, because their stay included the 10th, which was the festival of Saint Lawrence, Archdeacon of Rome, the name, "St. Lawrence's Bay," was given to it. After the account of this voyage had been published, other writers and geographers misunderstood Cartier's use of this name and thought that he intended to give it to the entire gulf, formerly called by the French "la Grande baie." Thus the name St. Lawrence came to be applied through inadvertence to the gulf, and later to the great river emptying into that gulf.

Leaving Ste. Genevieve on August 13th, Cartier sailed westward between Anticosti and the north shore, where, in the preceding summer, he had turned back. After visiting the Gaspé Peninsula, he returned to the north shore of

the gulf to make sure that he was not overlooking any possible passage to China. He seems to have reached the north shore near the mouth of Pentecost River and to have arrived the next day, August 19th, at islands that he at first called "Round Islands," but later referred to as the "Seven Islands." By this latter name they are still known, although, curiously enough, there are only six of them.

In the magnificent bay behind them Cartier anchored his ships while he examined the neighbouring coasts with his boats. He visited the Ste. Marguerite and Moisie Rivers and in the latter saw many walruses, which he quaintly describes as "fish that have the shape of horses, which go on land at night and to the sea by day." On August 24th, convinced at last that the passage he sought was not in this region, he bade farewell to the north shore of the gulf and began his exploration of the great River of Canada, the St. Lawrence River of to-day.



In the Turkish market at Sarajevo of fateful historic memory.

IN THE BALKANS

By C. C. ROGERS

WHAT dream it was that led us to the Balkans with a certainty that no other land would fit our mood; what warnings preluded our departure and echoed, in many a foreign accent, throughout our journey across Europe; what chances and what trivial encounters led to a final choice of route that should take us, despite authenticated tales of brigands, over the Albanian mountains; all this, being prefatory, may be imagined.

What shall be told is the tale of the journey itself; how, by random, unpremeditated stages, we made our way from Belgrade to southern Serbia and then across Albania to Scutari; how, when railroad failed us we travelled by car, and, when we came to country free of road as the desert of promise, we hired ponies; how, without agitation, haste, time-table or plan, we wandered in a land where beauty lingers because progress comes only very slowly, a land where the Moslem turns his face to Allah, where men have not forsaken faith and prayer.

Our railway journey, with second class sleeping berths, from Belgrade to Veles was too clean and comfortable to be worthy of record; but our night in Veles is unrecorded for other reasons, indeed the dirt and smells and insect life in that small town were never surpassed in our later experience. Yet Veles is for ever memorable because there we

heard for the first time that evensong of the Mussulman chanted by a lonely figure silhouetted on the sky, and with that chant we were passing on a swift emotion from day, with beauty of sunshine, to night, with peace of darkness.

At Shtip, thanks to an introduction to the Veliki Zhupan, the prefect of the district, we experienced a spate of Serbian hospitality, heart-warming but a strain on the best digestion. Shtip is near the Bulgarian border and this prefect, a fine fellow, had gone about with his life in his hand during many a frontier disturbance. Outside the town we saw, in the dry river bed, silver poplars like wraiths of fairyland, and we walked for a day in the mountains towards the Bulgarian frontier. There Bible pictures of our childhood came to life as we watched the sheep, and the shepherds with crook or staff in hand and cowl on head, winding amongst

arid hills. Rust-coloured, maize and ochre were those hills and the soil was dry and fine as sand. The snow-clad mountains of Greece towered over a blue range. There were pears and almonds in full blossom although it was only the end of March. Every now and then we saw gaily-coloured figures stooping in the poppy-fields, moving on in line, each one working with a hoe like a little pickaxe. Then we came upon a Turk using the ancient wooden plough; when the sun was low he loaded the plough



Peasant child at Nagoricani.



Balkan transportation, except in the larger places, is still primitive. A Serbian peasant woman with ox-cart.

on his pony and wended down hill to his home. Many a time later we saw those ploughs, sometimes attached to great pale oxen. From Shtip we journeyed by railway to Gradska but the last stage of our route to Bitolj we travelled in a jolting Ford car between 2.30 a.m. and dawn. Cold, tired and shaken, we ran down the narrow road from the pass by which we had crossed the Babuna range. When the sun looked over the mountains' rim, tingeing all snow-clad peaks with rose, we were already in the plain of Pelagonia and the road was gay with peasant traffic streaming into market.

Bitolj, known in war and pre-war days as Monastir, has, strategically, nothing to boast of, being a target for every enemy upon the heights that surround it. But as for beauty, Iago himself could not overpraise it. It stands, with many a mosque and

minaret and cypress, on the western side of a plain encircled by mountains; those snow-bound heights of Peristeri look into the streets; that plain of Pelagonia, haunt of innumerable wild fowl, blue and shimmering, stretches away from the suburbs; blue and purple mountains stand like a battlement against the dawn.

And Bitolj on a market day! There is a crowd of buyers and sellers, of donkeys nearly hidden by their burdens, of milk-white oxen drawing long and very narrow carts. Peasant girls and women like painted butterflies throng every street, their sleeves and tunics are white but every cuff, hem and apron is bright with hand-embroidered colours. Women squat in gutters, selling the home made fabrics spread around them in pools of red and gold and orange. In the open corn market Turks are sitting on their sacks transacting busi-



Balkan street scene in Trebinje, Herzegovina. Note how the pack animals are accustomed to the stepped street.

ness; rags and patches bind their legs, ragged sheepskins with fleece turned inward hang about their shoulders. In the narrow streets the life of every day is staged as in a theatre. Remove one side from an unventilated cube and you have your Turkish shop, a den of fifteen feet long, windowless, shuttered at night. Each den-owner is pursuing his trade or squatting beside his wares. Here is a ringing din in the street of coppersmiths, and here is the street of butchers where they hang distorted joints of the goat that will be served as mutton. There are carpenters and cobblers and many another. In one entrance stands a patriarchal bearded Shylock in dressing gown and turban. An ancient Turk rides by, astride a very small donkey; the Turk wears a crimson waistband and a ring of bread is protruding from the folds.

Turning from this eastern bazaar to wider streets we come to fallen houses, dilapidated buildings, barbed wire entanglements upon a heap of stones, a ruined mosque now silent and deserted amongst the briers and nettles. Bitolj was half destroyed in the war, the hills near the town are full of shell holes, trenches and entanglements, and a mile outside there is a giant cemetery where six thousand plain white wooden crosses mark the graves of French soldiers.

The Serbs are a nation of peasant land-owners, yet one seldom sees the cloddish type where intelligence has been stifled by toil and poverty. Every feature of the Serb betrays inward fire and latent intelligence. Their lot may be hard but the dream of that freedom for which they fought through many hundreds of years burns like a living flame. The traveller in Yugo-Slavia will meet with courtesy everywhere. It is



Peasant women visiting Bitolj, (Monastir) for market day.

true that standards of comfort and cleanliness are many centuries behind our own, that insect life is far too abundant and sanitation altogether lacking, that the man in the street has not learnt the use of a pocket handkerchief; but otherwise the manners of the Serb leave us ashamed.

As for the question of language, German helped us a little, French not at all, Italian only when we reached Albania. With about a hundred words of Serbian, consisting mainly of nouns, numerals and adjectives, for the verbs were insuperable obstacles, we made ourselves understood, the word "dobro" (good) doing yeoman's service. Often we were greeted by a friendly stare and the question: "Odakle?" (whence?). "Engleskinja" we would reply, tapping our chests and there would be a reassuring smile. The English are well loved in Serbia since their war hospital work.

On our rainy journey by the post office car from Bitolj to Ochrida we began by jolting over "kaldrma" (cobblestones) each one as large as a baby's head; then we swayed, heaved and bumped, zig-zagging in and out of

puddles, skirting by a hair's breadth many a rut 12 inches deep. A Serbian road in sunshine is like some ancient dried-out watercourse, baked to consistency of iron; on rainy days it is like a ploughed field half under water with the furrows deepened and criss-crossed at random. Three times we climbed to a pass by hairpin bends, three times we rocketed down to a valley. At last we came to Ochrida on its lake, "the most beautiful in Europe" as the guide books say. A white duck was swimming down the middle of the main street.

Demosthenes could never have described Ochrida; it baffles eloquence while stirring many a thought and memory. The silence of decay hangs over it. Standing on the north east shore of Lake Ochrida, the ancient town looks down into the water where reflections of snow-clad mountains are always changing like an opal. There are lovely old Byzantine ruins and one little church, Sveti Jovan, standing alone on a promontory, small and perfect and richly decorated with brick mouldings, 11th century, with green moss on red tiles. On the hill that rises sheer above



Gwen Dorrien-Smith has a shoe-shine at Ochrida.

the town is an ancient ruined fort, and on the greensward under crumbling walls there are almond trees in blossom; the writhing black stems of those trees in strange contrast to the ethereal shell-pink petals already falling one by one upon their emerald carpet. The hand of time has never touched Ochrida and the great lake is but a silver mirror set to catch reflections elusive as the rainbow. The town is full of memories and bones and Roman and Byzantine buildings, but now there is only poverty and lethargy, the place is half asleep; like a giant tree it is rotting silently.

A narrow-gauge railway runs eight miles to Struga; steamer communication on the lake is irregular; there is also the mail car by which we had travelled from Bitolj. Pigs lie on the cobblestones, every gutter is a refuse heap, outside the town the corpses of dogs are thrown to lie unburied. But the beauty and the silence of Ochrida remain with us; the rest is forgotten.

Albania, with its unknown language and its roadless mountains, now lay before us. We visited the Vladika (bishop), having heard that he spoke English. He regaled us with a teaspoonful



An old Shylock standing at the entrance to his den in Bitolj.

of jam and a thimble-full of Turkish coffee, discussing our journey over this morning repast. He had a long black beard, sensual lips and dreaming eyes. The Albanian boundary being west of Struga, the Struga route would be impossible, he said, for our horses would require passports; vetting was the first difficulty and language the second; we should never make ourselves understood. He added grave warnings about the roughness of the people and accommodation.

Then we visited the Nacelnik (town prefect), who spoke German. He suggested our crossing into Albania by Pogradetz at the south end of the lake. There was a Frenchman living there who would help us in hiring horses. We decided on that route. Our next difficulty was how to procure ponies to take us to Pogradetz, for a seedy Russian count on the pier gave us little satisfaction when we enquired about steamers down the lake. Finally, helped by the German cook and our Serbian publican, we effected a bargain with a peasant produced from some back street.



Peasants don their best for market day at Bitolj.



Bargaining in the market at Prishtina.

"Osam," we said, accenting each syllable equally so as to make sure. "Tri kojni. Trideset banka. Tristotine dinar. Dobro. Sveti Naoum." (Eight o'clock. Three horses. Thirty bankas. Three hundred dinars. Good. Sveti Naoum.)

A banka is merely a ten dinar note. We had made our meaning clear without a single verb.

Sveti Naoum is a monastery at the south end of the lake; we could see it from Ochrida, a white spot on blue water. Next morning we stepped from a chair in the gutter to our high wooden saddles, the market crowd gathering about us. The rucksacks were lashed on, our little nags were far below us, our toes reaching their necks. We set off in single file, splashing along the shallow margin of the lake. Later the track rose, winding behind promontories that fell steeply to the water. A limestone range towered on our left, behind it snow-clad mountains were serrated on blue sky. Lower slopes were covered with scrub of beech and oak, with green-gold hellebore and the blue anemone (blanda). We passed a village of stone

huts; it was washing day and every one was busy on the shore; the wash tubs were each hewn from a single tree and the bark was still clinging to the outside. There were patches cultivated with maize and olives, although the soil was hardly better than gravel, but in Serbia the very rock will yield a harvest.

So we came to the ancient monastery of Sveti Naoum, riding up through an avenue of almond blossom and silver poplars, past the moat with reed beds and coots swimming on the margin of the reeds, up a cobble-stoned way to the outer entrance gate. We felt like princes in a pageant. Would the beauty suddenly dissolve?

A monk was standing under the arch, wearing the strange black pot hat of the Eastern church; his long black hair was twisted beneath his collar. He gave us courtly welcome in Serbian. Were we staying the night? He spoke as if it were a matter of course. But we only remained to drink thimblefuls of black coffee and to see the 11th century Byzantine chapel.



Balkan types; a Jewish man and veiled woman at Prishtina.

Somehow, somewhere between Sveti Naoum and Pogradetz, we crossed the frontiers. Our ponies and guide were dismissed at the monastery but a one-eyed 'serviteur' provided by the monks carried our packs to the Serbian frontier, which was no more than a mud hovel on a 30 foot cliff overhanging the lake. Two gendarmes were loafing about and a cur was tied to a post. Nightingales were singing in the box scrub and in the yellow-blooming Coronilla. We sat on the ground while they talked and examined our packs and passports. A little further on we came to the Albanian boundary, more squalid than the other; our serviteur would now have to return. We could see Pogradetz, a mere spot on the southern shore. "Kojni, kojni, Pogradetz," we murmured to the gendarmes and to two or three loafers who all talked at once. One of them disappeared round a bluff and we waited, sitting on stones, repeating at intervals: "Kojni, kojni, Pogradetz." This earth hovel was half sunk in the ground like some lair of an animal. At last the man returned with a horse, whereupon we loaded our packs and

set out towards Pogradetz. We were in Albania.

The Pogradetz Frenchman was as good as his reputation and a couple of days later we started with two ponies and a guide to cross the Albanian mountains; the bargain had been arranged in a barber's shop amid soap and lather; three days journey to Tirana, one pony each and our guide on foot; one napoleon each (sixteen shillings each). Serbian words were useless now, the Albanian could not or would not understand the language of his hated neighbours, only the ever faithful "dobro" served us still.

There was quite a caravan going to Tirana, including a woman and a baby, also a state-paid gendarme sent, despite our protest, by the prefect, in case of accident. The road was level following the western shore of Lake Ochrida, terns were fishing in crystal clear water, but we were perched in physical misery on our wooden saddles, knees approaching chin, always slipping forward. Our guide, a magnificent Albanian, wore baggy trousers, rawhide shoes, scarlet waist scarf, white kalpak or Albanian



Market day at Bitolj. Peasant women selling embroideries.



Traders in the corn market at Bitolj.



A shepherd woman with her flock at Graconica.



Time marches slowly in the Balkans. A view of Mostar showing the mosque.



Bocche di Cattaro as seen from the road to Cetinje.

fez, and black Eton jacket as mourning for Scanderberg the 15th century national hero. Our track turned west from the lake over boulder, pebble and scrub; the country was rough and broken with higher mountains beyond. Once we stopped for water and coffee outside a house built of rough stone with never a pane of glass. The men we passed on the mountain track looked fierce and independent and never offered greeting; the women were hawk-faced, prematurely aged, undeniably handsome. Often we forded streams with broken bridges and then we balanced helplessly and hopelessly, holding the single rope round the pony's nose that served for bit and bridle.

After ten hours' riding we came to a Han where, in the kitchen, men were squatting Turkish fashion on the earth floor, boiling coffee; we sat and smoked with them in extreme friendliness, all repeating "dobro, debro" from time to time. They had brought us stools of honour eight inches high. At dawn we started again, breakfasting on a tiny glass of water and sugar. Too late we discovered that Hans provide no food

and we fell back on the hard-boiled eggs and maize bread in our packs. A fine gorge towered above us, a green river twisted in a valley far below. We were in a vast tangle of mountains with no apparent outlet; our narrow path wound on by precipice and hairpin bend and broken bridge. We met a stench of olive oil, then, rounding a corner, faced a caravan with the country's produce. We forded the river Skumbi; our guide took off his shoes and waded, leading the ponies. The water swirled up to our girths, the ponies stumbled on smooth boulders, the men who had crossed shouted to us, gesticulating that we should look at the mountains not at the water.

Then we came to a valley, fertile with olive, cypress, walnut, plane and pomegranate, and so to Elbasan where the caravan melted away and we rode on alone with our gendarme, whose language we could not understand. He stopped before a whitened building, the Hotel Adriatica and two elderly Musulmen, swathed in crimson cummerbunds, received us bowing and gesticulating. The ground floor was a stable



A scene unchanged by passing years, the ancient bridge at Mostar.

and our bedroom was reached by a rickety wooden gangway. We chewed imaginary food and made every gesture of hunger but they only brought us tiny cups of black coffee. We explored the town and no cafés could we see. We entered an ironmonger's shop and asked in Italian: "Where can one eat?" A fat man with a luminous mind led us by alleys to a café with steaming braziers where, by pointing and tasting, we secured our supper.

Next day there was heavy rain but the second day we set forward alone with a change of ponies and a dwarfish man who had mysteriously replaced our magnificent guide. No gendarine appeared and no caravan. Mist lay over the plain, blue mountains towered to the south and one snow peak looked over them. We turned from that dream city of gardens, minarets and cypresses to follow a valley where nightingales were singing and Judas trees made purple splashes amongst the olives. The ground was sodden and we had soon to dismount and let our ponies flounder unencumbered. Our first day's ride to Kiusk had been rough, the road to Elbasan precipitous, but this road to

Tirana was cruel. Our ponies clambered up faces of gray rock and through gullies so narrow at the base that no two feet could stand alongside. Then we looked down over miles of interfolded mountain forest with no track nor dwelling, nor any break in the skyline. We wound down, now riding, now stumbling over stones, through coppice of hazel, plane, arbutus and *Erica arborea*. Twice our ponies fell beneath us, for our guide had insisted on tying the headrope to the saddle, leaving their heads free.

Somehow we reached a pass on the skyline of that wild country and thereafter the track wound down, but it was vile as ever. Then we forded the Arzen and rode on over cobblestones, or in gutters of squelching mud, through patches of maize and many a group of olives, until we came to Tirana, lying in a wide and pleasant plain, full of trees and gardens amongst flat red roofs, and minarets pricked against a range of mountains now blue in the evening light.

Our Tirana hotel seemed princely for we found there a proprietor who spoke Italian, an Albanian guest who spoke



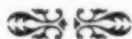
Veiled Mohammedan women at Prishtina, Southern Serbia

eight languages, a chambermaid who understood French and Italian, also beds, walls and ceiling free from insect life. Before proceeding to Scutari by car we had time to look about us and reflect upon the history of Albania. Two things have barred progress; the mountainous nature of the country and Turkish domination. The Turk was quick enough to perceive that a civilized Albania would be strong and dangerous; hence his policy of repression.

It is wonderful that Turkish tyranny could never enslave nor corrupt the

Albanian and while a majority adopted the Moslem creed, they remained free from the Moslem vices, polygamy and slavery. Now at last Albania has her chance and there is magnificent material; men of beautiful physique, women strong to endure. There is money in the country, too, gold is hoarded by the peasants and Albania has a currency of gold. Communication by air with Koritza, Vallona and Scutari is already established.

The next thing is to provide roads and bridges.



Indian Vikings of the North West Coast

By DIAMOND JENNESS

N E A R L Y three centuries ago some adventurous Spaniards sailing northward from Mexico discovered, according to their own report, a remarkable archipelago whose labyrinthine channels they explored for a distance of 260 leagues. Among its islands they encountered a river that changed its direction with the tides, and they traded with skin-clad savages who paddled out to their vessels in hollowed tree-trunks measuring fifty or sixty feet from bow to stern. These were the least of their marvellous adventures, which the civilized world heard with a tolerant smile and promptly forgot. Yet towards the end of the 18th century their own countrymen rediscovered the archipelago, the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of



An Indian dance at Esquimalt about 1847, from a painting by Paul Kane, now preserved in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. The masks and blanket indicate that the dancers are Haida Indians, who frequently visited Victoria during the early days of settlement.

British Columbia; and the beautiful sea-otter skins that were still worn by its inhabitants lured trader after trader to its shores until the sea-otter became virtually extinct, and the natives themselves, through wars and diseases, were reduced in number from nearly 10,000 to a few hundred.

The Queen Charlottes are really part of a

submerged mountain range that in remote geological ages stretched from Alaska through Vancouver Island to the State of Washington. Its two large islands, Graham and Moresby, with the countless small ones hugging their coasts, resemble in general outline a jagged and battered pruning-hook held downward; for from their broad base in Graham Island they taper away to a sharp point at Cape St. James, and all along their



Pillar Rock, a striking landmark of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Photograph by Dr. G. M. Dawson.



Massett, one of two modern villages of the Haida, the centre of a thriving fishery.

Photograph by Harlan I. Smith

western seaboard, the back of the pruning-hook, runs a continuous line of mountains. Yet the parallel is not quite exact, because some of the peaks on the narrow Moresby Island—the lower half of the hook—attain a height of over 5000 feet, which is considerably higher than any peaks on Graham Island. Naturally, the area of low-lying ground suitable for agriculture is very limited; there is, in fact, only one broad belt, in the north-eastern part of Graham Island, and that is covered with hardly penetrable forests of hemlock, spruce and cedar, broken here and there by muskeg. Separating this low-lying land from the rugged body of the island is a curious trough or trench that contains some small but workable coal deposits, and northward down this trench flows the only large stream in the archipelago, the Yakoun, which small boats can ascend for about 20 miles. It empties into Masset Inlet, an inland sea filling a broad depression that connects with the ocean through a narrow sound. Thirty miles west of the sound stands the most striking landmark on the whole coast, Pillar Rock, a vertical

column of sandstone and conglomerate, 25 feet in diameter and 95 feet high, crowned on its sloping summit with a few small trees.

Massett Inlet is one of the few safe harbours in the archipelago, but it must be approached with caution because two strong currents, one from the west and the other from the south, have produced at their meeting place on the north-east corner of the island a long low sandbar, Rose Spit, as perilous for the captain of a steamboat as for the native in his dug-out canoe. A similar spit nearly closes the entrance to Skidegate Inlet, the channel that separates Graham Island from Moresby. All the east coast of Graham Island, indeed, is a smooth, unbroken stretch of sand and rock, shallow offshore, and without an indentation to shelter a passing vessel. The coasts of Moresby Island, on the other hand, and the southern and western shores of Graham, are rocky and precipitous, difficult to navigate by reason of numerous shoals and tide-rips, and rendered more hazardous during the greater part of the year by frequent storms and interminable fogs. It is



A close-up of some of the houses in the village of Skedans, now deserted and in ruins. This photograph was taken by Dr. G. M. Dawson in 1878.

these navigational difficulties that are largely responsible for the feeble development of the archipelago and its scanty population, for, despite its latitude and the heavy precipitation, the climate is so mild and equable that in many winters no snow remains on the low-land longer than a few hours.

The original inhabitants of the region, the Haida Indians, looked almost exclusively to the sea for their livelihood. They had no knowledge of agriculture, and the raspberries, salal-berries, crab-apples and other fruits that grew in open spaces could not provide an adequate diet. There are good grounds for believing that a small breed of caribou formerly existed in Graham Island, but if so it was never numerous. Black bears were (and still are) fairly common, but were seldom seen except during the spring and summer months, when they left the dense forests to feast on berries and skunk-cabbage, or on the dead salmon that drifted ashore in the early autumn. The only other game animals lived in the sea. Sea-lions had their rookeries on the western coast, and both seals and sea-otters

abounded at certain seasons in the adjacent waters. The Haida hunted these sea-mammals with considerable energy, but, unlike their neighbours on the west coast of Vancouver Island, they feared and avoided the whales that also visited their territorial waters.

Yet it was to the fish that they looked for their main food supply. Their principal villages lay close to shallow banks frequented at nearly every season of the year by large shoals of halibut. There the Indian anchored his canoe with a heavy stone fastened to a rope of twisted cedar-bark, and patiently jigged for the fish with a homely but very efficient barb made by lashing a pointed bone to one end of a forked stick. In the same way he caught also cod and mackerel, which were only a little less abundant than halibut. One of his special delicacies, too, was the spawn of the herring, obtained by spreading over the shallow spawning beds at low water a layer of spruce boughs, which the herring then covered with their spawn at high tide. The most valuable fish of all, however, was the salmon, which migrated up the streams in countless



Rotting vestiges of an age now past. Old grave monuments of the Haida, buried in the forest. Their modern graves have marble headstones. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.

numbers from July to nearly mid-winter. Every Haida family owned a stretch in at least one salmon stream where it could spear the fish from the bank, or build a weir and set a line of basket-traps.

Halibut and salmon, whether fresh or dried (and the Indians dried and stored away large numbers for the winter months), are rather insipid without some seasoning, and often lack the carbo-hydrate content that is needed for a fully nourishing diet. The Haida housewife corrected this deficiency by supplying a bowl of fish-grease into which her husband could dip his salmon; and for dessert she offered him sea-kelp, or else dried berries whipped with the same grease into a kind of ice-cream or mousse. Every family kept several

boxes filled with grease, which came from two small but very oily fish, the pollock and the oolachan. The oolachan ran only up the rivers of the mainland, and the pollock was rare outside the stormy west coast of Moresby Island. Consequently the Haida purchased most of their grease from the neighbouring Tsimshian Indians, who caught immense quantities of oolachan each spring in the estuary of the Nass River.

I have mentioned the Haida villages, situated close to the fishing banks. Nowhere in the world were there villages like them except on the neighbouring coast. From the sea they looked like a row of ships bristling with tall masts; for in front of the solid, gable-roofed houses that stood side by side along the



The modern cemetery of the Haida at Massett. Marble tomb-stones, designed by the Haida but executed in Vancouver, replace the carved grave-posts and totem poles of cedar.

Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.

beach, a line of carved totem-poles rose into the air to the height of from 20 to 60 feet. Some of the houses were so enormous that they could hold over 700 people without crowding. Not one had any windows or a chimney—for ventilation the inmates merely shifted a few boards in the roof; and the doorway was a huge hole at the bottom of a monstrous totem-pole awesome enough to warn all enemies to remain without. The visitor mustered up his courage, poked one leg through the gaping jaws or limbs of this carved monster, and leaped with bowed head into the inner darkness, where he landed safely on his feet (if he were dexterous), or else sprawled ignominiously on the dirt floor. As his eyes became accustomed to the

gloom he found himself on a wide platform that extended at ground level around the four walls, and led down by two or three tiers to a large square excavation where the household fires sent lazy columns of smoke curling upward towards the roof-hole. In the rear, half hidden, were two carved posts supporting the mighty roof-beams, and a little in front of them, surrounded by kinsmen and retainers, the head of the house sat in solemn state on a raised seat or dais. Slaves brought in water and firewood, rolled a few large stones into the glowing flames, and, when they were red-hot, lifted them out with wooden tongs and dropped them into wooden cooking boxes filled with dried fish and water. Before the meal com-



A Haida school, maintained partly by themselves, partly by a subsidy from the Dominion Government. The children who attend it speak faultless English and regard the tales of their grandfathers as traditions of a remote age. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.



The village of Cumshewa, long since abandoned, but in the mid-nineteenth century the home of Haida raiders who scoured the mainland as far south as the Fraser River. Photograph by Dr. G. M. Dawson.



The old and the new. Two totem poles in front of a chief's modern house, and a marble memorial stone that answers exactly the same purpose.



The home of a Haida chief, now keeper of the light-house in Massett Harbour, with his halibut nets drying against the winter. In his gateway is a marble head-stone, erected instead of a totem-pole in memory of a slave. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.

menced, perhaps, a troupe of dancers, weirdly costumed and with wooden masks carved into bird and animal faces, pranced grotesquely around the hearth, scattering showers of eagle-down from their heads in token of friendship and goodwill. It was the height of savagery, no doubt, but it was strangely impressive; and the narratives of the early explorers express their amazement at the unexpected grandeur of the dwellings, the engineering skill necessary to

house posts and new totem poles, have fallen before the lumberman's axe; and the old habitations of the Haida are rotting in ruins on the ground. For Haida society was a complex feudal system that could not withstand the impact of European civilization. Every boy born in the islands belonged to one of two groups according to the group of his mother; he was either a "republican" Raven or a "democrat" Eagle. If a Raven, he could marry only an Eagle



One of the beautiful slate dishes carved by the Haida Indians.

erect, without machinery or metal tools of any kind, the enormous posts and rafters, and the artistic talent displayed so conspicuously in the carved and painted pillars, a talent that was not the less genuine because the style of art seemed extraordinarily bizarre and hardly intelligible.

A scene such as I have just depicted, however, you will no longer see on the Queen Charlottes. Most of the salmon and halibut now find their way to European canneries; the large cedar trees, those that would have provided the Indians with new war canoes, new

girl, if an Eagle, a Raven girl; and his titles and property descended to his nephews, not to his sons, because they belonged to the group of their mother. Besides this, every child belonged also to one of many clans, which were like the clans in Scotland except that in the Queen Charlottes members of several clans often inhabited the same village. The heads of each clan and their kinsmen were the village nobles to whom the common people attached themselves for protection; and under the common people were numerous slaves, hewers of wood and drawers of water, liable to be



Silver Bracelets, beaten from Mexican dollars and engraved by the Haida with their own peculiar designs.

killed by their masters on the slightest pretext. Nobles and commoners were true Haida Indians, born and bred in the Queen Charlottes; but the slaves were captives from Vancouver Island or from the mainland, where some of them had been nobles in their own right. Whatever their earlier rank, they all shared the same fate, unless their kinsmen were influential enough to secure their release by the payment of a heavy ransom.

Those were stirring times, about a century ago, when the big Haida war canoes, each hollowed out of a single cedar tree and manned by fifty or sixty warriors, traded and raided up and down the coast from Sitka in the north to the delta of the Fraser River in the south. Each usually carried a shaman or medicine-man to catch and destroy the souls of enemies before an impending battle; and the women who sometimes accompanied the warriors fought as savagely as their husbands. Many a mainland fisherman, as he quietly paddled his family up some inlet in

the early morning, heard the dreaded war-shouts of these New World vikings and saw their canoes dart out from ambush to cut off his retreat. As far away as the delta of the Fraser River the Indians palisaded their villages and kept a watch each summer against the island raiders from the north. One group of Haida even went so far as to pillage an American schooner and enslave its white crew, who were subsequently redeemed by the Hudson's Bay Company.



Though this Haida chief has visited Japan and the South Sea Islands, he prefers his old home on the Queen Charlotte Islands and the arts and crafts of his forefathers. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.

These conditions could not last. A gunboat patrol convinced the Indians that it was more profitable to confine their operations to peaceful trading. Then a terrible epidemic of smallpox swept through the islands, wiping out whole families and even villages. The last blow came when the government abolished slavery, and mines, canneries and lumber mills opened out new careers in which the ex-slave and the commoner had the same status and the same opportunities as the old nobles. Today the number of the Haida has

fallen away to less than 600, concentrated in two villages Masset and Skidegate; and their earlier history is no more than a dim memory. In another fifty years the nation will have vanished completely, for the children of the present population are merging with the other inhabitants of British Columbia, and playing a useful part in the industrial life of the coast.

Yet though the Haida themselves are vanishing, their strange, highly-developed art has won them a permanent place in every large mu-



A type that has now passed away. A Haida woman of the mid-19th century, wearing a nose ring and lip-plug. Photograph by R. Maynard.

seum. There you will see their house-posts and totem-poles, carved with monstrous beings that attract you by their symmetry and expressiveness even while they awe and repel. More pleasing, perhaps, because more intelligible, will be the carved cedar chests fashioned without a nail and cunningly inlaid with iridescent haliotis shells; the dishes of shiny black slate, graceful as Grecian vessels; and the bracelets of hammered silver, delicately engraved with the same flowing patterns as the dishes and



A Haida fisherman of today, in his changed surroundings. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.



A remnant of the great forests of spruce, cedar and hemlock that once covered the Queen Charlotte Islands. The islands are still well timbered, but the larger trees have fallen under the axes of the lumbermen. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.



One of the last of the old canoes, carved from the trunk of a single cedar tree. The Haida now build row-boats in the European style, and even sea-going motor launches.

cedar chests. Tools and weapons, even the common household dishes, all carry the same intricate yet harmonious designs, all testify to an innate love of beauty and artistic talents far above the ordinary level of savage endowment. The art is a highly symbolic one that can leave no descendants, because only a people reared on the same traditions and steeped in the same religious atmosphere could imitate it intelligently without degrading it. But the specimens preserved in our museums carry a per-



A Haida woman of the modern generation. Only her high cheek-bones and lank black hair betray her Indian descent. Photograph by Harlan I. Smith.

manent charm, and occupy a definite place in the history of man's efforts to interpret in sculpture and in paint the beauty and mystery of surrounding nature.

Whence came these artistic Haida? Frankly, we do not know. Presumably their forefathers, like those of other Indians, journeyed from Asia into America across Bering Strait; but why they settled in the islands, and what strange genius made them prosper there until the white man crushed them beneath his heel, we shall probably never know.

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Editor's Note Book

Our Contributors

Two of this month's contributors have on earlier occasions given readers of the *Journal* something to think about. Diamond Jenness, who always has something worth while to say, and is able to put it in a very attractive way, has written on such divers subjects as Java, the Yukon Telegraph Line and Wild Rice. C. C. Rogers had an article on the Rat River, in the far north-west of Canada in the second volume of the magazine. The former now tells us a good deal about that remarkable tribe the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Islands, on the west coast; and the latter describes a recent journey through that troubled region the Balkans. The other two May contributors, Miss Blodwen Davies and Mrs Blanche McLeod Lewis, have given us something very timely, in view of the Toronto and Jacques Cartier celebrations. "Margaret Hall discovers Upper Canada" is based on the vivacious diary of an early visitor to Toronto—York as it was then—and other parts of the province; and "Along the North Shore in Cartier's Wake" will prove particularly attractive to those who are interested in following the course of the great discoverer around the Gulf of St Lawrence.

Canada and John Cabot

In an article by H. F. Shortis, in *The Evening Telegram*, St. John's Newfoundland, on Jacques Cartier's Voyages, the writer contemptuously brushes aside the evidence brought forward by the late S. E. Dawson, and other students of the period, that the landfall of John Cabot in 1497 was on the coast of Cape Breton. Mr Shortis is entirely within his rights. To the end of time it probably will remain a moot point where the explorer actually set foot on the soil of America. All that the most careful student can do is to study all the available evidence, balance the probabilities, and draw his own conclusion; and if that conclusion does not

happen to coincide with the conclusion of some one else, admit good-naturedly that the other is entitled to his opinion.

But when Mr Shortis goes on to say: "The efforts made by the Geographical Society of Canada last year to erect a monument at Montreal to commemorate John Cabot's landfall being at Cape Breton brought a proper snub to them from the Mayor and City Council. It can only be recognized as another attempt from Ottawa to rob Newfoundland of their great historic event in the discovery of North America,"—he is on somewhat different ground. The Canadian Geographical Society had nothing whatever to do with the Cabot Monument in Montreal. Mr Shortis indeed flatters us in suggesting that we could present Montreal with a \$20,000 marble monument. The monument was in fact the very generous gift of the Italian people of Montreal to their adopted city. As the Society did not give the monument, they could not therefore very well be snubbed by the Mayor and City Council, even if the Mayor and City Council would think of such discourtesy. As a matter of fact it is understood that whatever differences there were between the city and its Italian citizens have been removed, and the monument is to go where it was originally intended to go.

Jacques Cartier

It has been suggested that we should from time to time publish in these columns short biographical sketches of the principal explorers of Canada. That seems to be a good idea, and this year one cannot make a more suitable beginning than with the famous seaman who discovered, or at any rate explored, the Gulf of St Lawrence four hundred years ago.

Jacques Cartier was born in the seaport of St Malo in 1491. Very little is known of his early life. Probably he led the normal life of a boy of his town and period, and probably also he may have made voyages across the Atlantic in a

● He said to me—the man who
'drowns' Johnnie Walker deserves to
be ignored . . .



● I said to him—yes, and the man
who ignores Johnnie Walker deserves
to be drowned . . .!

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"Running the gauntlet" of armed warriors was the Indian's accepted method of proving a prisoner's or a stranger's worthiness of adoption into the tribe. Only by remarkable speed, agility and courage could a brave win through the knives and clubs of the "gauntlet" to his goal, usually a pole crowned with eagle feathers.

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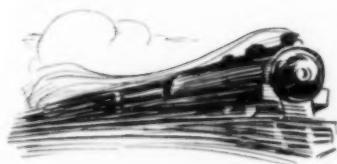
fishing vessel before that memorable year 1534 when he was sent by the King of France on a voyage of discovery to the Gulf of St Lawrence, in the hope that he might find the elusive strait or passage through this new land that it was hoped would lead to the South Seas and the fabulous wealth of Cathay. Cartier, as we now believe, found something more worth while than the jewels and spices of Asia. He explored the Gulf of St Lawrence in 1534, discovering Prince Edward Island, Chaleur Bay, the Gaspé peninsula and Anticosti. The following year he returned and ascended the St Lawrence to Stadacona (Quebec) and Hochelaga (Montreal). He wintered on the banks of the St Charles, and sailed back to France in 1536, taking with him the Iroquois chief Donnacona. In 1541 he made a third voyage to Canada, and explored the river up to Lake St Louis. On his return voyage he met Roberval sailing to Canada with his ill-fated colonists. Cartier is believed to have made a fourth voyage to rescue the survivors. He died at St Malo in 1557.

Standards of Spelling

An article in the *Maritime Merchant* draws attention to the fact that, while in England one standard of spelling is followed, by educated people, and in the United States a different standard, there is no consistent Canadian practice, some people and periodicals adopting the English and some the American practice, while many wobble between the two. When the *Canadian Geographical Journal* was established it was decided to follow the English form of spelling, and to accept as its authority the Oxford Dictionary. That has always been the general practice in departments of the Dominion Government, in many of the Provincial departments, and to a large extent in Canadian universities and schools.

A Correction

Through a misunderstanding, the photograph of the Pasque Flower on page 171 of the April number was credited to A. O. Brigden. It is really the work of Professor Charles W. Lowe, of the Department of Botany of the University of Manitoba, to whom the *Journal* offers sincere apologies.



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D. J. Dickie, in his reminiscences *In Pioneer Days*, has this to say: "The arrival of the coach was the great event of the day at the inn. In a twinkling the stable-boys were unhitching the horses and driving them into their stalls. Perhaps a passenger got out, his carpet-bags and valises were thrown down from the roof or from the rack behind, and he went in to seek lodging. The driver, striking his great boots with his whip, strode into the tap-room to get a drink; the passengers who were going farther washed the dust from their throats with hot or cold drinks handed in through the window. In five minutes the fresh horses came prancing out, the great traces were caught up and fastened, the coachman mounted the box, he cracked his long whip over the backs of the team, the stable-boys jerked off the blankets, and they were off."

Quebec Road Map

Complete information as to routes, hunting and fishing areas, customs regulations, rules of the road and other facts of interest to the touring motorist are provided in a new Quebec Tourist Map brochure which has just been prepared for free distribution by the Roads Department of the Province of Quebec.

The new map is in the form of a handy folder which may be conveniently carried in the pocket or the car, and includes in addition to a large scale map of the province, additional sections with enlarged, detailed maps of some of the more popular routes and areas.

For anyone planning a motor trip through this old French Canadian province, the new tourist map of the Quebec Roads Department is very useful. Copies are available free to anyone interested and may be procured from almost any travel agency, railway or steamship company, or by writing direct to the Provincial Tourist Bureau, Roads Department, Quebec City, Canada.